

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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J. HODSON, PRINTER.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

N. O. 1.

Mr. Jones: The Princeton Review brings Mr. Madison to testify against the reserved right of secession.

The Review makes Mr. Madison say: "Our Constitution," says Mr. Madison, "is neither a consolidated government, nor a confederated government, but a mixture of both." This extract from the Review, its Editor, Dr. Hodge does not mark as a quotation from Mr. Madison; and I doubt, for two reasons, his sanity if he ever said so: First, because it is not true—the Federal Constitution not being a government of any kind, but the mere power of a compact. Second, because in the Report he gives to the Senate, in his speech on the Virginia resolutions of 1798, shows that he well understood the difference between Constitutions and Governments, when he said that "The authority of Constitutions over governments, and of the sovereignty of the people over Constitutions, are truths which are at all times necessary to be kept in mind." If this theory is true, and is unquestionably true, then the people of a State are a sovereign over both the Federal Constitution, so far as it relates to them, as they agree their State Constitution.

Dr. Hodge thus continues to quote Mr. Madison, marking the extracts as quotations: "It was not formed, he continues, by the government of the component States, as the Federal Government, for which it was substituted." What did Mr. Madison mean by the pronoun "it"? It means the Federal Constitution, then it is clear that this Constitution was not substituted for "the Federal Government," but for the Articles of Confederation. No other view of this quotation will make sense, and certainly it is no argument against secession. "Nor was it formed by a majority of the people of the United States, as a single community, in the manner of a consolidated government."

Here again, Dr. Hodge makes Mr. Madison use the words "R." and "government," so vaguely as to be incomprehensible, and consequently, it is no proof against secession.

Dr. Hodge thus continues his quotations.

"It was formed by the States, that is to say, in each of the United, acting in their highest sovereign capacity, and formed consequently by the same authority which formed the State Constitutions. Being thus derived from the same source as the Constitutions of the States, it has within each State, the same authority as the Constitution of the State, and is as much a constitution in the strict sense of the term, within its prescribed sphere as the Constitutions of the States are within their respective spheres; but with this obvious and essential difference, that being a compact among the States in their highest sovereign capacity, and constituting the people thereof one people for certain purposes, it cannot be altered, or annulled at the will of the States individually, as the constitution of a State may be at its individual will."

This last extract from Mr. Madison, as given by Dr. Hodge, unequivocally maintains the absolute sovereignty of the States, and that the "Federal Constitution" is "a compact among the States in their highest sovereign capacity."

If this be true, then each State, acting in its highest sovereign capacity, though it, of course, cannot alter the Constitution, for itself as its own State, can, by virtue of this clearly conceded sovereignty, "annul" the Federal Constitution. The assertion that the Federal Constitution "constituted the people of the States one people for certain purposes," is not true, unless the States merged their separate sovereignty into one consolidated State. The reader will bear in mind that Mr. Madison in this extract unequivocally maintains the absolute sovereignty of the States. On this fact the whole controversy turns. If the States are sovereign they have the right to secede. If they are not sovereign, secession is revolution, if not rebellion.

Dr. Hodge quotes: "The letter of Mr. Madison quoted by Amos Kendall, Esq., in the *Washington Star*." This letter, I presume, is Madison's letter to Ingalls, on South Carolina Nullification. The volume containing this letter, and others from Mr. Madison about the same time, is loaned, so far from home, that I cannot get it for reference in

time for this number, and must therefore confine my remarks to the extracts given by Dr. Hodge.

The whole of this letter should be read in order to see how utterly Mr. Madison of 1822-3, fails to refute Mr. Madison of 1798-9.

Let us see what he said in his "Report" on the Virginia Resolutions of 1798. The "Report" says:

"It appears to your Committee to be a plain principle founded in common sense, illustrated by common practice, and essential to the nature of compacts—that where resort can be had to no tribunal superior to the authority of the parties, the parties themselves must be the rightful judges, in the last resort, whether the bargain made has been pursued or violated. The Constitution of the United States was formed by the sanction of the States given by each in its sovereign capacity. The States, then, being the parties to the constitutional compact, and in their sovereign capacity, it follows of necessity that there can be no tribunal above their authority, to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated, and consequently, that as the parties to it, they must themselves decide, in the last resort, such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition."

This language is too plain to be misunderstood or misconstrued. If the States, as parties to the compact, have the right to "decide such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition," then it is clear that each State, for itself, is the rightful judge "whether the compact has," or has not, "been violated. This right, it is true, liable to abuse. A State may decide the compact to be violated," by the Federal Government, when no violation has been made. On the other hand, if we adopt the old *Federal theory*: "That the supreme court is the final judge, in the last resort, of the powers which it, and its co-departments, may exercise," the evil will be infinitely more dangerous, because this places the Federal Government, the mere creature of the States, above both Constitutions and people.

The Attorney General has decided that the clearance of any American vessel from the Custom-house is prima facie evidence of the legality of the voyage, and opportunity for the prosperity of this traffic, a recent decision of Mr. Attorney General Black, at the suggestion, I believe, of the American Consul at Havana, relieves the latter gentleman, after the arrival of the vessel in that port, of all responsibility in reference to the legality of her future course.

The Attorney General has decided that the clearance of any American vessel from the Custom-house is prima facie evidence of the legality of the voyage, and consequently, the consul need take no further steps than the ordinary one of extracting an oath from the captain that he is bound in a legal voyage and with a cargo in accordance with his clearance. To those acquainted with the government officials in Havana, their sympathy with this trade and their natural affinity to bribery and corruption, it need not be told how easily such a clearance can be obtained by a captain informed that his clearance cost him six ounces—102 dollars.)

But this decision of Mr. Black, and this action of our consul—while it may be consistent with their sympathies, and may also relieve them of direct responsibility—has not, at least as yet, had the effect of diminishing the traffic under the national flag, on the contrary, it has increased, and is increasing every day. Our consul at Havana informed me that within the last twenty days he had passed through his office the clearances of eight American vessels which he knew were going after negroes.

PREPARING FOR A VOYAGE.
The ship having been purchased in New York arrived in Havana, and discharged her cargo, proceeds to pull the rind off of her cargo.

No man, no association of one State or set of States, has a right to withdraw from the Union of its own account. * * * * The majority of the States which formed the Union, made consent to the withdrawal of any one branch of it. Gail that consent has been obtained, say attempt to disunite the Union, and to distract the efficiency of its constitutional theory it is treason." This argument is equally strong, and it is equally strong that the Virginians, in their report to the Federal Government, in their report to the Federal Government, had not "the reserved right" to secede from her thirty-two co-States, then, it is equally true, that the thirty-two co-States had no right to secede from South Carolina. Hence the argument of the "Richmond Enquirer" that "The majority of the States" can authorise "the withdrawal of any one branch of it (the Union)" is utterly dismissed.

One more quotation from Dr. Hodge. He says: "It is only a few days since we heard a slaveholding minister say that his church would as certainly discipline a man for selling a husband away from his wife, as for drunkenness." I leave your readers to make their own comments on this highly encouraging feature of "church discipline."

I may in another number recapitulate the arguments advanced in these essays, or, perhaps, combine them if the incoming administration takes a stand in favor of coercion.

In the mean time let me suggest to those who believe in, either the right, or the duty, of the free, to separate from the slave States, the necessity of promptly holding a Convention to deliberate upon this vital question, and to earnestly invite to such convention every man and every woman, who believes that a peaceful separation of these confederate States would be more in harmony with the genius of our institutions, and the spirit of Christianity, than to perpetuate this guilty Union by a further, and continued, "compromising" with impunity, or to put it together with one hundred thousand bayonets, in the hands of a standing army of mercenary soldiers.

B. G. WRIGHT.
ROCKVILLE, Feb. 22nd 1861.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

To the Editors of THE EVENING POST:

The last time I saw you, you expressed some desire to become acquainted with the secret history of the Slave Trade, as it is carried on between the coast of Africa and the island of Cuba in American ships. I will endeavor to satisfy your curiosity.

An organized company exists in the city of Havana, with a capital of \$1,000,000, whose sole business is to import negroes into the Island of Cuba. Nineteen-tenths of the slaves imported are brought in vessels owned by this company, at the head of which is a Spaniard well known in that city—a large merchant—who conducts all its affairs. His manner of proceeding is this: He writes to his correspondent in New York to purchase a vessel and procure a master. This correspondent is probably Mr. —, a naturalized citizen of the United States, who places the business in the hands of Mr. —, a "factor" ship broker. This last gentleman obtains the vessel—not too large or too expensive, in order to divide the risk of capture among several with the same amount of capital employed. And, with as little difficulty, he procures a captain; indeed, so well established is this business and so well understood that even the United States Marshall might see, if it were not unfortunately true that there are those so "bilked" that they will not see!

The ship bought for cash, the ownership is sworn to, in order to get a register, by this naturalized citizen and his captain. The next thing is to load and clear her from the Custom-house. Not many months ago this was an easy matter. The American bark "Wildfire," since captured with 500 negroes on board, was loaded in broad daylight with a regular slave cargo, at a pier on the East river, and, to the astonishment of all the longshoremen in that vicinity, went to sea in

a steam-tug direct for Africa. Everybody knew it, except the United States Marshal. A person told me, who I know is well versed in these matters, that for these little "winks of omission" some convenient friend of the above-mentioned officer was in the habit of receiving a check, payable to bearer, for \$1,000.

In this way some seventy vessels are said to have sailed from the port of New York after cargoes of slaves, since the 1st of January last. But latterly, owing to a pressure of public opinion, and it is to be hoped, also, somewhat to the sting of a guilty conscience, these United States officials have been rather more rigid in their scrutiny of suspected vessels, and, consequently, the manner of procedure has been changed.

Steamer sails away—perhaps to watch him at sea—
for there is no price money of any account in a vessel unless the negroes are on board!

Now, however, our captain has work before him, and he loses no time. (It is this pluck and energy in all instances which makes the Yankee shipmaster so valuable in this trade.)

He begins at once to discharge his cargo into the warehouses, and to receive from there empty

Crew, \$750 per man	7,500
Bribes, &c.	100,000
	168,500
	168,500
Cs.	
500 negroes at \$200 a head	\$400,000
	\$400,000
Net profit	\$251,500

for his flag unquestioned exclusiveness from foreign interference, ought surely to be somewhat modified when he remembers that such interference is infinitely less disgraceful than the fact that this flag, consecrated in all of his associations to "human freedom," is, and will be, unless this plan is adopted, made to cover the foulest and most odious crime which, in these times, any man can commit.

CONFIDENCE OF FEDERAL OFFICERS.

Fifthly: The appointment of United States consuls and their subordinates to the Island of Cuba ought to be of men whose proclivities are rather against than for slavery. Hitherto this has not been the case, although I would willingly give these gentlemen credit for the intention of doing their duty, yet frequently I have no doubt that their secret sympathy with the crime has caused them to be lenient with the criminal. I know of a recent case where an officer sent a crew captured from an American slave to the United States in a man-of-war as "distressed slaves," in order that they might escape punishment most rigorously due them in the "chain-gang" of Havana. American vessels bound from Havana or any of the ports of Cuba to the coast of Africa are usually liable to great suspicion, and should be dealt with accordingly by these officers, as the Island of Cuba has no trade with Africa, unless directly or indirectly connected with the slave trade; and yet these vessels have been permitted to clear from Havana for that coast without let or hindrance;

From the Northern Independent.

PROPHETIES OF BLOOD.

Dr. Bond, of the Baltimore Advocate, thus of patients with our northern Church papers because they spurn all compromise at this critical moment. He says:

"Everybody here knows that unless concessions are made by the North, this Union will be violently broken up, and that thirty millions of people will rush into the frightful chaos of civil and servile war. Everybody knows that if the enemies of such 'peace-makers' as our Confederate papers prevail, the axe and the knife will cut an every threshold—that father will be arrayed against son, and son against father, that four millions of hapless people, for whose sake we are told God is arming against us, will be effectively wrenched from the face of the earth. Everybody knows that amidst all this frightful strife and dissipation, the kingdom of Christ will disappear, as certainly as an atom killed out of the sun.

Men, look solemnly on this prospect, doomed as the coming destruction over which Jesus Christ; and with dry eyes, and hearts cold and hard as steel, fold their hands in the face of heaven, and like pious inquisitors in the smoke of an auto da fe, say, 'Lord, thy will be done!'

All our readers know that the Dr. is neither braggart nor blackhead; hence, if the above prophecy is slightly ridiculous they must impose it to his unfavorable surroundings, and not to any personal weakness. The editor has to see everything through the murky atmosphere of slavery, and to himself, look solemnly on this prospect, doomed as the coming destruction over which Jesus Christ; and with dry eyes, and hearts cold and hard as steel, fold their hands in the face of heaven, and like pious inquisitors in the smoke of an auto da fe, say, 'Lord, thy will be done!'

Thirdly: Spain alone is responsible to the world for the continuance of the slave trade. He is at the present time its only market, and it is undoubtedly true that not a negro is landed upon that island without the knowledge of some of the Spanish officials. Moreover, he is turned over to the tender mercies of a soldier-overseer, to work upon the public works—without pay, with scant food and no clothing, but with the philanthropic title of "Emancipado" (emancipated); he labors unceasingly under the lash for the public good, as one chafing without hope.

SPAIN RESPONSIBLE.

Secondly: Spain alone is responsible to the world for the continuance of the slave trade. He is at the present time its only market, and it is undoubtedly true that not a negro is landed upon that island without the knowledge of some of the Spanish officials. Moreover, he is turned over to the tender mercies of a soldier-overseer, to work upon the public works—without pay, with scant food and no clothing, but with the philanthropic title of "Emancipado" (emancipated); he labors unceasingly under the lash for the public good, as one chafing without hope.

Dinner consists of the same, with the occasional addition of scraps of jerked beef. There is no change from this food during the voyage; when the negroes appear despondent or weak, they are given a little rum. At night they are compelled to wash out their mouth with vinegar—this is done to prevent scurvy—

Now comes the maturing meal, which consists of a pint of water and a quantity of boiled rice and beans. After breakfast the doctor makes his rounds, pitches overboard the dead and dying, and administers "medicine to such as are not beyond the hope of recovery. The principle diseases with which they have to contend are dysentery and aphthitis, both of which are generally fatal, and both owing to confined space and foul atmosphere.

During the day the "contra maestro" goes about among them with his whip, cuts down the bold, and silences the noisy; with his merciless lash, and sometimes selects the weakest, takes them to the least crowded space and makes them dance to the tune of his cowbells—to taste cirrhosis!

Dinner consists of the same, with the occasional addition of scraps of jerked beef. There is no change from this food during the voyage; when the negroes appear despondent or weak, they are given a little rum. At night they are compelled to wash out their mouth with vinegar—

Thirdly: However humiliating may be the condition, the fact nevertheless is beyond question that nine-tenths of the vessels engaged in the slave trade are American. There are two reasons for this. The first is the vicinity of a good market for the purchase of cheap vessels, the facility with which they can be cleared for the coast, and the equal facility with which they can escape conviction if caught, owing principally to an ill-conceived sympathy for the institution of slavery, which seems to extend from the head of our present government to every subordinate officer. But the main reason why American vessels are employed is the immunity which our national flag gives to the combined rascality of Christendom.

The diplomatic dogma that the flag "covers the vessel" is inconsistent with the spirit of the present day. It is no longer required as a protection for American seamen against foreign press-gangs, and it nullifies the intention of naval forces in time of peace as an international police of the ocean; and if it is the joint duty of the United States with the rest of the civilized world to put an effectual stop to the slave trade, it must be abandoned.

ABRAHAM AND THE THREE WISEMEN.

Fourthly: The presence of large naval forces on

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

The moral relation of such parties is very aptly set forth by The Evening Post, which announces that Blackwell's Island is determined to secede from the State of New York, and that Sing Sing will follow in a week, Auburn in a fortnight, and Clinton Prison before the end of the month. The entire South is guilty of crimes far worse than those committed by the inmates of our penitentiaries, so that if there is any standard in the above case, it is a degrading our convicts by putting them on a level with slaveholders. As for secession, we have done nothing to provoke it, and it is just as impossible to prevent it by making compromises, as it would be to prevent an earthquake, or to avert the law of God. The North ~~extends~~ nothing but quietly vote according to the constitution, and to demand concessions on this occasion to threaten war if they be not made, is to reach at once the double climax of nonsense and villainy. Never did impudence go further, never did it so grievously insult all decency by its shameless demand. God and all good men can only abhor the more, for this new development of its unfathomable meanness. The very thought of compromise in such a case, is absolutely ridiculous. This was well expressed by Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, in a speech recently made before the Republican caucus—"there never was," said he, "a more baseless result since Lucifer led his cohorts of apostate angels against the throne of God; but I never heard that the Almighty proposed to compromise the matter by allowing the rebels to kindle the fires of hell south of the celestial meridian of thirty-six thirty."

FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"The following extracts are from Mr. Phillips' recent speech on 'Progress.'"

The gain to-day is, we have a people. Under their vigilant eyes, mindful of their sturdy purpose sustained by their determination, many of our politicians are much better. And out of this popular heart is growing a Constitution which will ~~fully~~ supersede that of 1787.

A few years ago, while Pierce was President, the Republican party dared to refuse the appropriations for support of government—the most daring act ever ventured in a land that holds Barker Hill and Balaclava. They dared to persevere some twenty to thirty days. It stuns a trifler but it is a very significant straw. Then for weeks when Banks was elected, and a year ago, again, the whole government was checked till the Republicans put their Speaker in the chair. Now the North elects her President, the South secedes. I suppose we shall be bargained away into compromise. I know the strength and virtue of the farming West. It is one of the bright spots that our empire tends there, rather than to the seaboard. Four or eight years hence, when this earthquake will repeat itself, the Year may be omnipotent, and we shall see brave things.

But now, spite of Lincoln's wishes, I fear he will never be able to stand against Seward, Adams, half the Republicans wire-pullers and the seaboard. But even now, if Seward and the rest had stood firm, as Lincoln, Sumner, Chase, Wade, and Lovejoy, and the Friends have hitherto done, I believe you might have polled the North, and had a resolute three to one, "Let the Union go to pieces, rather than yield one inch." I know no subtler hour in history.

The eight of these two months is compensation for a life of toil. Never let Europe taunt us again that our blood is wholly caked by gold. Our people stood, willing their isolated government should go to pieces for an idea. True, other nations have done so. England in 1640—France in 1791—our colonies in 1775. These were proud moments. But this day touches a nobler height. Their idea was their own freedom. To-day, the idea, loyal to which our people willingly see the Union cracked, is largely the hope of justice to a dependent, helpless, hated race. Revolutions never go backward. The live force of a human pulse-beat can rive the dead lumber of government to pieces. Chase the Hissleypont, Mr. Xerxes-Seward, before you dream of balkling the Northern heart of its purpose—freedom to the slaves! The old sea never laughed at Persian heroes more haughtily than we do at Congressmen's compromises.

Campbell's risks insurrection—the worst door at which freedom can enter. Let universal suffrage have free sway, and the ballot supersedes the bullet. But let an arrogant and beautified minority curb the majority by tricks like these, and when you have compromised away Lincoln, you ravise John Brown. On this point of insurance, let me say a word. Men talk of the peace of the South under our present government. It is no real peace. With the whites, it is only that bestial peace which the lazy Roman lived—of course—that he might sun himself. It is only safe alliances, sure breeder of mischief. With the slaves, it is only war in disguise. Under that mask hid a war keen in its pains, and deadlier in its effects, than any open fight. As the Latin adage runs—*mors gravior sub paci latet*—war bitterer for its disguise.

Thirty years devoted to earnest use of moral means show how sincere our wish that this question should have a peaceful solution. If your wife—your Webster, Clays, Calhouns, Seward, Atomics—had done their duty, as it would have been. Not ours the guilt of this storm, or of the future, however bloody. But I hesitate not to say that I prefer an insurrection which the slaves in ten years to slavery for a century. A slave I pity. A rebellious slave I respect. I say now, as I said ten years ago—I do not shrink from the task with which Dr. Johnson faced his Oxford post, "Success to the first insurrection of the blacks in Jamaica!" I do not shrink from the sentiment of Southerners, in a letter to Dupper—*"There are scenes of tremendous horror which I could smile at by Mercy's side. An insurrection which should make the negroes masters of the West Indies is one."* I believe both these sentiments are dictated by the highest humanity. I know what anarchy is. I know what civil war is. I can imagine the scenes of blood through which a rebellious slave population must march to their rights. They are dreadful. And yet, I do not know, that, as a enlightened mind, a sense of guilt war is any more sickening than the thoughts of a hundred and fifty years of slavery. Take the broken hearts, the bereaved mothers, the infant, dying from the hands of its parents; the husband and wife torn asunder; every right trodden under foot, the blighted hopes, the imbruted souls, the darkened and degraded nations—sink below the level of ignoble life, melted in sensuality. Tattered with boasts—who have walked over the burning marsh of Southern slavery to their graves, and where is the battle-field, however ghastly, that is not white—as an angel's wing, compared with the bitterness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolina for two hundred years! Do you live merely? Weigh out the fifty thousand hearts that have beaten their last pulse amid the agonies of thought and suffering fancy talents to

think of, and the fifty thousand mothers, who with sickening remorse, watch for the steps that are not soon to carry long in their coming, and soon find themselves left to tread the pathway of life alone—add all the horrors of cities sacked and lands laid waste—and then weigh them all against some young girl sent to the auction-block, some man like that taken from our Court House and carried back into Georgia; multiply this individual agony into four millions; multiply that into centuries, and that into all the relations of father and child, husband and wife, keep on all the deep moral degradation both of the oppressor and the oppressed, as it would be to present an earth-shaking, or to avert the law of God. The North ~~extends~~ nothing but quietly vote according to the constitution, and to demand concessions on this occasion to threaten war if they be not made, is to reach at once the double climax of nonsense and villainy. Never did impudence go further, never did it so grievously insult all decency by its shameless demand.

The Cincinnati Press, which has treated this subject with rare ability, asserts that, excepting provisions which the South must, in any event,

buy of the West, the trade of Cincinnati with Southern Indians alone is thrice her trade with the whole South. As our benevolent societies get about one dollar in seven cents of Mason and Dixon's line, so our traders sell there only about one dollar in five. Such trade, if cut off, would ruin nobody. In fact, the South buys little of us, and pays only for about half she buys. (Laughter and hisses.)

Now we build Southern roads, pay Southern patriotic, early Southern letters, support out of the nation's treasures, an army of Southern office-holders, waste more money at Norfolk in building ships that will not float, than is spent in protecting the five great lakes, which bear up millions of commerce. These vast paces come back to us in shape of Southern traders, paying, on the average, one-half their debts. Dissolve the Union, and we shall save this outgo, and probably not sell without a prospect of being paid.

Southern trade is a lottery, to which the Union gives all the prizes. Put it on a sound basis by disunion, and the North gains. If we part without anger, the South buys, as every one does, of the cheapest seller. We get her honest business, without being called to fill up the gap of bankruptcy which the wasteful system of slave labor most occasion. In this generation, no slave State in the Union has made the year's ends meet. In counting the wealth of the Union, such States are a minor quantity. Should the Gulf States, however, return, I have no doubt the United States treasury will be called on to pay all these accumulated debts.

EXTRACTS FROM LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL.

QUOTES THE CHICAGO PLATFORM IN WHICH JOHN BROWN IS DECLARED A CRIMINAL.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and their personal security are to be endangered. There never has been any reasonable cause for such apprehension; indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed, and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who addresses you. I do not quote from one of those speeches when I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them; and more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment, exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we declare the lawless invasion, by an armed force, of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, among the greatest of crimes." I now reiterate those sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the cause is susceptible, that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which consistently with the Constitution and the laws can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CLAWER SHOULD BE SUSPENDED.

There is much controversy about the delivering of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions. "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who framed it, for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves, and the intention of the law-giver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution, to this provision, then, as slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause and shall be delivered up, their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they could make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law, by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath? There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slaves are to be surrendered, it can be done in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law, by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

2d. They will have enough to do to attend to the irrepressible conflict at home. Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, will be their Massachusetts.

After a fair, sensible discussion, such as I have described, a Boston man will be as well off as Captain Vaughan.

At any rate, dissension could not make the two sections any more at war than they are now.

Any change in this respect would be an improvement. If the North and Mexico had touched boundaries, would they ever have quarreled?

Nothing but Southern filibustering, which can never point North, ever embroiled us with Mexico. Tu us in future the South will be another Mexico.

To us, the fugitive slave will be a curse to attack us.

The South cannot make war on any one. Suppose the fifteen States hang together a year—which is almost an impossibility—let them have given bonds in two thousand million of dollars—the value of their slaves—to keep the peace.

2d. They will have enough to do to attend to the irrepressible conflict at home. Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, will be their Massachusetts.

After a fair, sensible discussion, such as I have described, a Boston man will be as well off as Captain Vaughan.

At any rate, dissension could not make the two sections any more at war than they are now.

Any change in this respect would be an improvement. If the North and Mexico had touched boundaries, would they ever have quarreled?

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Final judges, each for itself. The impartial, enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the conduct of our conduct, and He who in the hearts of men will judge of the sincereness which we labored to preserve the government of our fathers in its spirit. The right so proclaimed at the birth of the States, and has been affirmed and reaffirmed in the Bill of Rights of States subsequently admitted into the Union of 1789, undeniably recognises, in the power to resume the authority delegated for the purposes of government. That the Southern States here represented proceeded to secede from the Confederacy, and it is by abuse of language that their act has been denominated a revolution. They formed a new alliance, but within whose government has remained, the rights of man and property have not been disturbed, least through whom they communicated with other nations is changed, but this does not necessarily affect their international relations.

Caused by the consciousness that the transition from the former Union to the present Confederacy has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of obligation, or any failure to perform constitutional duty—moved by no interest to invade the rights of others—anxious to secure peace and commerce with all nations, we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least hope that posterity will acquit us of having been engaged in it. Doubly justified by the sense of wrong on our part and by wanton aggression on the parts of others, there can be no doubt that the courage and patriotism of people of the Confederate States will be found in every measure of defence which honor and duty may require.

Agricultural people—whose chief interest is export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country—our true policy is peace and quiet trade which our necessities will permit, while our interest, and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy, there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities, we can but little rivalry between ours and manufacturing or navigating community, such as free States of the American Union. It follows, therefore, that a mutual interest admits good will and kind offices.

However, passion or lust of dominion should not the judgment or influence the ambition of the States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and to maintain, by the final armament of sword, the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth. We have entered the career of independence, and it must be duly pursued. Through many years of contact, with our late associates, the Northern States, we have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity, and to obtain respect for the rights of all who are entitled. As a necessity, not a cause, we have resorted to the remedy of separation and independence, our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs, and the policy of the Confederacy which we have formed, a just perception of mutual interest shall prevail, peaceably, to pursue our political career, and earnest desire will have been fulfilled, if this be denied us, and the integrity of our money and jurisdiction be assured, it will be done for us, with firm resolve, to appeal to arms to invoke the blessings of Providence on a just cause.

As a consequence of our new condition, and as a view to meet anticipated wants, it will be necessary to provide for the speedy and efficient organization of branches of the Executive Department, bearing special charge of foreign intercourse, war, military affairs, and the postal service.

For the purpose of defense, the Confederate States may, under ordinary circumstances, rely only upon their militia, but it is deemed advisable, in the present condition of affairs, that there should be a well instructed and disciplined army, as numerous than would usually be required for peace establishment. I also suggest that for protection of our harbors and commerce on high seas, a navy adapted to these objects will be required. These necessities have doubtless engaged the attention of Congress.

With a Constitution differing only from that of the United States, in so far as it is explanatory of their known intent, freed from the sectional control which has interfered with the pursuit of general welfare, it is not unreasonable to expect that States from which we have recently parted will seek to unite their fortunes with ours under the government which we have instituted—

As your constitution makes adequate provision, but beyond this, if I mistake not the judgment and the will of the people, a re-union with States from which we have separated is neither possible nor desirable. To increase the power, multiply the resources, and promote the happiness of the Confederacy, it is requisite that there should be much of the homogeneity that the welfare of my portion shall be the aim of the whole—here this does not exist, antagonisms are engendered which must and should result in separation.

Armed solely by the desire to preserve our rights and promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by aggression upon others, and followed by no honest conviction. Our industrial pursuits have failed no check—the cultivation of our fields has progressed as heretofore—and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, and in which a commercial world has an interest equally less than our own. This common interest of the producer and consumer, can only be interrupted by a superior force, which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets—a course of conduct which would be unwise towards us as it would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad. Should reason guide the action of the government from which we have separated, a policy so detrimental to the civilized world, the Southern States included, could not be dictated by me, the strongest desire to inflict injury upon us—but otherwise, a terrible responsibility will rest upon it, and the suffering of millions will be testimony to the folly and wickedness of our measures. In the meantime, there will remain, besides the ordinary means suggested, the known resources for retaliation upon the enemies of an enemy.

Experience in public stations, of subordinate rank to this which your kindness has conferred, taught me that care, and skill and disappointment, are the price of official elevation. You will see many errors to forgive, many deficiencies to tolerate, but you shall not find in me either a sense of real fidelity to the cause, that is to me, in hope and of most enduring affection.

My regard to coercion and invasion and all that kind of thing, he began the South to set his mind at rest, assuring it that he will only use the power confided to him to hold and protect the public property, and called duties and imports—that is and my strongest avowals seemed too mild for all. So if a Confederate States of the South, six or sixteen, as the case may be, should establish a standing Toast in some circles, (I have heard,) tariff for themselves, they may probably object to "Success to the next Slave Insurrection in the South." That is now the sentiment of Nor-

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

For the A. S. Bugle.

TO THE HOUNDS OF LAW, AT CLEVE LAND, OHIO.

Now God be fitting words! that I might pour
The lava-torrents of my burning soul,
On your base heads who in the dust adores
The bloody Moloch; ever crying, more!
Cessated with his victims. O, to roll
Such avalanche of indignant scorn,
Should 'whom you in oblivion I' coward knaves,
Who in this hour when Freedom calls for Men,
Shrink from the contest, weak and trembling
slaves.

Poor earth-born souls, back to the earth again!
Go hide your heads in your dismasted graves!
You who can grovel at the Tyrant's feet,
But in his wretched victim shut the door.
As you to others measure, so God mea-
sure, false heart—pressed down and running
o'er.

C. L. M.

ECHOES.

Mr. Harlow strolled listlessly about his garden walks; the long summer twilight was drawing to a close, and the young moon had hung her silvery bow in the east. The hour was beautiful, and the place in which he walked one to delight the heart. But seeing, he saw not, and hearing, he heard not, for his mind was with his ledger and tangled business affairs.

Mr. Harlow did business in Boston, and resided in one of the adjoining suburban towns. He had recently purchased a pretty little place, and his family rejoiced in the exchange from a narrow city street, to the lovely gardens surrounding their new home.

At the foot of the garden was a little woody dell, which had been purposely left in its natural state. A brook leaped musically down its rocky bed, and then, taking a sudden turn, wound placidly through a green meadow. Here the five children of Mr. Harlow were playing, and their shouts of glee rung out upon the evening air.

"Papa, papa!" cried sturdy little Harry, appearing at the top of the bank, "come and hear our echo. Ellen says it is the sweetest echo she ever heard; we have called it again and again, and it answers back just what we say."

Mr. Harlow followed his son mechanically, but when he stood in the midst of the laughing troupe of children, he came out of his troubled reverie.

"Oh, father! we have found an echo!" they cried together. "Hark—it shall call 'father!'" said Susan. "Father!" and the echo answered "Father!" "Isn't it pleasant?" said Ellen, the eldest, a thoughtful girl of twelve years. "If we stand in this spot, the echo speaks just once, clearly and distinctly; but a little to the right or left, it is repeated two or three times."

"I always liked to hear an echo," said the father, with a smile.

"Hello, old school!" shouted Harry, jumping up and down, and the response made him shout and laugh again.

"Where do you live?" called Nelson.

"Sweet school, sweet school!" cried Susan, and the woodland-sprites grew quite wild in answering to their merry calls.

"What is it, papa?" asked Eddie, the three-year-old pet, as he clung timidly to his father's side; "who is it that speaks?"

"It is the nymph of the stream, or the goddess of these woods," said Nelson, with a patronizing air. He had been reading mythology.

"Don't you be afraid, Eddie," said Ellen, kindly taking her little brother's hand; "it is only the sound of our own words coming back to us."

"The dew is falling, let us go into the house," said the father, and he turned from the place, followed by his children. Ellen walked by his side. Father, the echo reminds me of something I read the other day. It was a piece about moral echoes—it is said that if we speak kindly, almost always we should hear the echo in a kind reply, and everything we do or say awakens echoes in our own hearts, and the hearts of those about us."

"Very true, dear Ellen; you are quite a moralist."

In the society of his family, the shadows were charmed from Mr. Harlow's brow, but when he lay upon his pillow, busy, troubled thoughts banished sleep. He had been speculating somewhat, aside from his regular business, and was consequently harassed with too much care. As the day dawned, he sank into a fitful slumber, which gave no refreshment to his wearied mind and body.

A cheerful group gathered around the breakfast-table—five smiling, happy children and their gentle mother. But the father's brow was shaded, and he had no reply for the pleasant prattle of his children, as they subsided into silence, chilled by his stern aspect. It might and should have been an hour bright and beautiful with domestic sunshine; and when Mr. Harlow had his family "good-bye" for the day, and felt that his wife's eyes followed him with a sad, inquiring glance, his conscience awoke him, for he had clouded the sweet atmosphere of home.

On his way to the depot, an impudent neighbor seized him by the arm, and held him an impudent gripe, while he detailed a long account of affairs which he cared nothing about. He reached the depot just as the train was passing out of sight. Fretful and vexed at this unnecessary delay, he strade the platform, frowning, until the next train appeared. Had the ride been longer, he might have settled down before its termination into a more quiet state of mind; but as it was, he grew more impatient with each passing moment, and when he arrived at his place of business, about an hour before the usual time, he was in a high state of excitement.

A little trial assuaged Mr. Harlow, which did not improve his temper. Andrew Chase, a lad of sixteen, approached him with a timid, downcast air.

"See there, Mr. Harlow!" he said, pointing with unsmiling hand to a large mirror, which was set up, leaning one side of the shore—a long work dislodged its polished surface.

"Who did that?" demanded Mr. Harlow.

"I did it, sir; I was doing it—I mean to be very careful, but the brush slipped in my hand, and the handle struck the glass."

"We are a pitiful assistant, I must say, fifty dollars at one stroke!"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Andrew, with a quivering lip.

"Well, being sorry won't mend it," said Mr. Harlow, frantically, as he passed on to his counting-room.

Andrew stood gazing at the accident, and Mr. Harlow's master waded him sorely. The indignant looked back through the glass door of his counting-room, and over the boy's troubled, tearful face. "Poor fellow," he thought, he feels

worse about it than I do; I might have spoken more kindly, for Andrew is a good boy."

Everything seemed to go hard that day. Mr. Harlow worried himself and all about him. The oil of good humor would have had a wonderful effect upon the machinery of business, but he did not think of that. Yet Mr. Harlow, was not, by any means, a cross and sulky man—usually, he was most bland and cheerful, but too much care unstrung his nerve, and weakened his self-control.

Late in the afternoon, he received a message from a business firm in New York, and he was more hurried and troubled than before.

Here, Andrew Chase, he called, in a peremptory tone, "this packet must go to New York; the mail has closed, but it can go by express. Harry, you have just five minutes to take it to the depot. It is of great importance; don't fail to get it expressed."

"Yes, sir, said Andrew; "I'll run every step of the way!" and eager to do his master any favor, that he might, in some measure, atone for his carelessness in the morning, he dashed out.

Half an hour elapsed, and Andrew returned with slow and reluctant steps, the packet still in his hand.

"Well, how is this?" exclaimed Mr. Harlow, in angry disappointment. "Were you too late?"

"But, sir, I—"

"You had full five minutes time, and you could have walked, and got there soon enough. It is too bad! Here it is Saturday night. Too bad—too bad!"

"I am sorry, sir, I started on a full run, but stopped, for there was a child in the street, and a horse!"

"Never mind—don't tell me all the why's and wherefores. You know that it was of the greatest importance that you should stop for nothing at all. You had no business to stop, or to turn right or left. If I can't trust you in such matters, I can trust you in nothing. Go to the head clerk and get your wages, and henceforth I will dispense with your services."

"Harry was unkind to Eddie," said Ellen, "but he is sorry and they have made it all up again."

Mrs. Harlow took Eddie upon her lap, and gazed upon him with great tenderness.

"Harry must be very kind to his darling little brother," she said, in a voice tremulous with feeling; "he could not have been unkind, had he known how nearly we lost him to-day."

"What was it, mother, what happened to dear Eddie?" and Harry drew near to caress again the pet of the household.

"Mr. Harlow," said the mother, "my heart has been full ever since I came home to-day. Little Eddie went with me to the city, and he was delighted with everything he saw, and I could hardly keep him by my side. I was making some purchases, and thought he was standing near me, when suddenly I missed him. I looked anxiously toward the door, and saw him in the street, just before the feet of a large cart horse; the street was pretty clear at that moment, but I saw no escape for the child. I rushed forward expecting to see him the next moment crushed and mangled, when a lad who was passing caught him up with the quickness of thought, and with one hand seized the horse's bridle. The driver swore a great rage at the hindrance, and the horse struggled and reared beneath a shower of blows. For an instant, it seemed that the boy would be thrown down, but he held on bravely, and then sprang to the sidewalk with little Eddie unharmed."

"It was Andrew Chase. He was pale and breathless, with the exertion and excitement. "Oh, Mrs. Harlow!" he exclaimed, "is it your little Eddie? I thought he would be killed! Oh I am so thankful!"

"I tried to thank him, and tell him my gratitude, but he said he was in great haste—that I must excuse him, and without listening to a word bade him go.

"Has Andrew gone?" he hastily inquired of his clerk.

"Yes, I gave him his wages, and he bade me 'good-bye.' He seemed to feel very badly, sir."

Mr. Harlow began to regret his impetuosity. "I ought to have listened to his excuse," he said to himself, and then he remembered with added pain, that Andrew's mother was a widow with several children, and depended much on his earnings.

At evening, when Mr. Harlow sat down to the table with his family, he was disinterested and unhappy. His wife had been to the city with her youngest child, and she had many pleasant things to tell him, and purchases to show, but was with difficulty able to reply to her remarks. He soon retired to the parlor, threw himself into his arm-chair, and took up the evening paper. Ellen sat down to the piano, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys; Nelson was occupied with his book, and the younger children sat upon the carpet playing with their toys.

"Eddie, you naughty boy, let my house alone," called out Harry, in a cross voice, and he caught up a little building-block and threw it at his brother.

The block did not hit Eddie, but, half grieved and half angry, he began to cry, and say "bad, naughty Harry."

Mr. Harlow started, and his first impulse was to punish Harry instantly and severely; but Ellen, the peacemaker, was before him, and he wisely resumed his seat in silence.

"Don't cry, little Eddie," said the sister's gentle voice.

"Harry's a cross boy," sobbed the child.

"I don't care, he knocked my block-house."

"Harry," said Ellen, "last night when you cried Sweet Echo, what did the echo say in reply?"

"Why, Sweet Echo," said the child, with sudden interest. "You know it said the words we did."

If you had called out in a loud, cross voice, "Naughty Echo, stop talking to me," what would it have said?"

"Stop talking to me?" said Harry, laughing.

"And if you had said 'Dear Echo, I love you,' could it not have said in the same tone, 'I love you?'"

"Yes."

Now the little brothers stood close by the side of Ellen, looking up eagerly into her face. All the anger was quenched in their young hearts.

"Did you not know, Harry, we all have an echo in our hearts? When dear mother speaks to us so kindly and sweetly, how we love her; and if we don't reply in the same words, we do to the same tones. And when you speak unkindly to little Eddie, how quickly you, and says 'Naughty Harry!' Is it the little echo in his heart answering you. Now, if you had been angry, but had said 'Please, Eddie, don't throw my blocks down,' he would have stopped one side very quickly. Are you sorry you made him angry, and tried to hurt him?"

Harry looked upon the beautiful face of Eddie, which was smiling now, though there was a glimmer of tears upon his lashes, and with a gush of love and penitence, he flung his arms about him, and hugged and kissed him heartily.

Mr. Harlow witnessed this scene with misty eyes. Ellen had unconsciously given him the key to his despondency. In the echo-chamber of his heart, he heard repeating and repeating the words and the deeds of the day. Impatient and exacting, he had struck a like spirit in all about him. Essentially did he recall his intercourse with Andrew Chase, and he pictured the boy, with angry and injured feelings, sitting in his widow mother's home, which, though he thought it humble, was indeed far grander than his fancy painted.

"Ah, well," he murmured regretfully, "would I have done otherwise?"

It is a strange, mysterious thing, this Echo, the voice of memory. Some one has said that "We have only the present, the past is buried, and the future is yet unborn." It is scarcely thus, for the memories of the past, and the hopes of the future,

give coloring to, and permeate with their spirit, the present. One day of calm and elevated happiness is a joy forever, for other days will borrow serenity from the light of its memory. Often a look, a motion, an incident seemingly most trivial, will awaken recollections of words and deeds of long ago. Perchance we deemed them forgotten; but in the thoughts, the language, the acts of other days have come back to us, and Echo repeats the lessons and reprimands.

And as our lives are in part moulded by those around us, and they are continually awaking responses of pleasure or pain in our being, so we turn, by all the influences going out from what we do or say, are helping to make melody or discord in the hearts of others.

Thoughts like these passed through the mind of Mr. Harlow, and he sighed again. "Would I had done otherwise?"

Mr. Harlow, who had been busy with some household task, now entered the room.

"Did I not hear angry voices a little while ago?" said Ellen. "I hope my boys have not been quarreling?"

"Harry was unkind to Eddie," said Ellen, "but he is sorry and they have made it all up again."

Mrs. Harlow took Eddie upon her lap, and gazed upon him with great tenderness.

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Mr. Harlow began to regret his impetuosity. "I ought to have listened to his excuse," he said to himself, and then he remembered with added pain, that Andrew's mother was a widow with several children, and depended much on his earnings.

At evening, when Mr. Harlow sat down to the table with his family, he was disinterested and unhappy. His wife had been to the city with her youngest child, and she had many pleasant things to tell him, and purchases to show, but was with difficulty able to reply to her remarks.

Ellen's eyes quite overflowed. She took the little fellow from his mother's arms, and gazed intently into his bright, young face; she kissed the fresh, red lips, the beautiful black eyes, and stroked the fair, curly hair, which was her pride; and the vision of that cherub one all crushed and mutilated, no more to bless them with his presence, made her shudder. But she had him safe in her arms, and her heart went up in gratitude to the Great Preserver, and she blessed the name of Andrew Chase.

"It was Andrew Chase. He was pale and breathless, with the exertion and excitement. "Oh, Mrs. Harlow!" he exclaimed, "is it your little Eddie? I thought he would be killed! Oh I am so thankful!"

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Mr. Harlow began to regret his impetuosity. "I ought to have listened to his excuse," he said to himself, and then he remembered with added pain, that Andrew's mother was a widow with several children, and depended much on his earnings.

At evening, when Mr. Harlow sat down to the table with his family, he was disinterested and unhappy. His wife had been to the city with her youngest child, and she had many pleasant things to tell him, and purchases to show, but was with difficulty able to reply to her remarks.

Ellen's eyes quite overflowed. She took the little fellow from his mother's arms, and gazed intently into his bright, young face; she kissed the fresh, red lips, the beautiful black eyes, and stroked the fair, curly hair, which was her pride; and the vision of that cherub one all crushed and mutilated, no more to bless them with his presence, made her shudder. But she had him safe in her arms, and her heart went up in gratitude to the Great Preserver, and she blessed the name of Andrew Chase.

"It was Andrew Chase. He was pale and breathless